

Sun of the night

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Summary: Hiccup loved his Night Fury beyond any words could describe. Gobber, Stoick and the gang were about to have a slight peak of how much. One-shot.

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****Disclaimer: ****I don't own How to train your dragon, even in my wildest dream.

"Gobber, please read us that book!" " Astrid pleaded, curiosity was slowly killing her.

"Yeah, you promised us you would read anything as long as we can find you a book!" " Snotlout impatiently urged the old blacksmith.

"Besides, it's just a book right? I mean there's no title or any signs of ownership on it so it's safe for us to read!"

"I want to see Tuffnut's dumb face as the letters pour into his ears." " Ruffnut said as she whacked her twin in the head.

"Kids, wherever you get this book, make sure after we finish return it to the right place. I have a bad feeling about this." " Gobber scratched his chin thoughtfully as he observed the black leather book. The hand-writing inside was somewhat familiar, but his poor mind had decided that he wasn't young anymore to identify someone's script.

"What bad feeling are you talking about, Gobber? Do you mind if I interrupt?" " The chief of Berk, Stoick the Vast joined the campfire unexpectedly.

"Not at all, Stoick! I'm about to read the children this book since we can't really tell them our fruitless fights with the dragons

anymore!" "Gobber greeted his friend cheerfully. He was glad he didn't have time be alone with all these noisy hot-headed Viking kids. "It's been a long time since you actually read anything. It might do you some good."

"Fine, go ahead. I listen to a few lines I suppose. After leaving the healer's, that Night Fury refused to let Hiccup out of his room and he growled at anyone who approached." Stoick rubbed his face in exhaustion. He wasn't used to his son being taken care by a _dragon_.

"You can't blame him, Chief. There's just something between them that is beyond us to understand." Astrid said straightly, but her voice was soothing.

"Yeah Stoick, you have help watching over your son! After all, Hiccup's the first dragon rider and that Night Fury is the first human pet in his kind!"

"Gobber, Toothless isn't a pet. If he or Hiccup hear you say that, I don't think you'll be in one piece."

"Oh come on, are we going to read or what?" Snotlout cut them off, waving his hands in the air. He would never admit it, but he did enjoy story time like before very much and they were spending too much time talking rubbish.

"Fine, fine, I'm reading." Gobber opened the book carefully.

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"What kind of stupid title is that?" Ruffnut interrupted Gobber, earning a slap from her twin.

"I agree with Ugly Face, there's no sun at night!"

"SHUT UP!" Astrid and Snotlout grumbled while two adults rolled their eyes. Gobber thought to himself that the title was indeed unusual, just like someone they knew so well.

****It was ironic that my life officially began when I decided to knock on Death's door. The first dawn that broke in my life was black as the night, but burned brighter than all stars combine and warmer than the sun itself.****

"Okay, whoever wrote this thing is insane." Snotlout declared loudly.

"Perhaps he or she is just implying, you know, making comparisons." Fishlegs suggested, he was the one did the least talking from the beginning. He was genuinely intrigued at the very first line.

"Are you kids going to let Gobber read in peace or what? I want to know what this book is about before I have to leave." Stoick waved them off grumpily,

****I survived all kinds of bad things in my existence. Being the biggest, most enormous mistake by only breathing would bring all kinds of suicide tendencies to any person. But when he came into my**

life, I couldn't see anything else but him, and him
only****. **

"It sounds like a love story." â€" Astrid raised her eyebrow. She wasn't very fond of romance.

Everyone shushed her, things were slowly making sense.

For the very first time, I felt like I deserved to live. The feelings were too overwhelmed I have to write it down these pages. I could always share this with him, but he already knew, I already knew, and we appreciated the silent communication.

"_Silent communication?" _â€" Gobber asked himself absent-mindedly.

The last thing I knew before he appeared was that I was drowning, in the seas of insults and humiliation; I was on the verge of a bottomless cliff. He literally lifted me up and brought me into the sky.

"Is it just me or these thoughts suit someone we know?" â€" Fishlegs asked timidly.

Predictions were already formed in everyone's mind as they eyed the book with indescribable emotions.

"Don't look at me, I got the book from the Great Hall!" â€" Snotlout exclaimed, doing the innocent gesture.

I looked at him and I saw everything I needed in the world. Was this how it felt like, love and friendship? So sweet and warm, utterly blissful and irrevocably intense? Was this what respect was, being cherished and protected unconditionally? Every touch, every breath, every beat of his wings was more precious than any treasure I could think of.

"Okay, I know I recognize this hand-writing. This is Hiccup's journal. We should stop right here and right now." â€" Gobber declared but surprisingly, it was Stoick who stopped him from standing up and returning the book to its owner.

"Gobber, I know it's wrong, but I think I need to know." â€" The chief whispered seriously.

"Yeah, Hiccup's our friend, yes?" â€" Fishlegs looked around for support as Astrid nodded her head. It was not every day they had a chance to know about the first Dragon Rider.

"Then talk to him yourself like a father you are Stoick! This is a grave intrusion of privacy! You're the chief!"

"What happens at the campfire, stays in the campfire, I believe that's what they say?" â€" Ruffnut said while Tuffnut, her twin scratched _her_ head. They were like two copies, with a few _errors_.

"We've got to blackmail that fishbone now, hurray!"

"Which is exactly why I don't want to read! Are you even listening to

the first lines?" "Gobber cut them all off their rants. "He states that his life begins, not when his mother gave birth to him, but when he met that Night Fury! Isn't that enough to say our involvements in those words?"

"I want to fix this Gobber, I want to be at least a part of his life!" Stoick argued.

"You always have been, but unfortunately not in the good part, chief." Ruffnut said uncaringly, but the weight of his words almost crushed Stoick.

"He views the dragon as the sun, as life, as his will to live; I don't think we have anything to say about that. I have no doubt the dragon thinks the same, or at least, feels the same, if not more." Fishlegs analyzed.

"Okay, fine." Gobber let the words out of his mouth before he could really decide. The blacksmith silently cursed his moment of weakness because he himself wanted to know more about his young apprentice, too; who spent most of his lifetime being dirt under people's feet.

I was his friend and he was mine. I wasn't his owner and he was definitely not my pet. No, we were equals, I saw him as a human-being, if not more. That epic moment of history, when I decided that I didn't care and no-one would if I lost my arm and Toothless the Night Fury, the bravest dragon of the world, opened our hearts and gave each other trust, we had done everyone something much greater than ourselves together. Until the second I stopped breathing, I would never forget that most important twist of my life, when my flesh made contact with the black scales of Toothless' snout.

"See what I mean about ownership?" Astrid said proudly. She understood something about Hiccup!

"I never realized how important that dragon is to him." Stoick mumbled hoarsely, his eyes far away.

"To every of us to be exact. _He _was brave to trust a human and Hiccup was courageous to trust a dragon. They are one of their kinds." Gobber remarked wisely.

"I bet I'd be much better if I was in his place." Snotlout said arrogantly.

"Really? Will you not kill him the moment his life was in your hands?" Ruffnut, for once, was serious.

Nothing mattered anymore. I found myself a new purpose, a healthy and noble one, to break the chains that tied me up and follow my heart. Toothless _raised _me up in days when I met him, taught me things that no-one did or _could_. For that, I owe him my existence, for he was the creator of the new _me.

"It stops here, the rest of the book is pictures of Toothless." Gobber said, caressing the pages of the book carefully. He was stunned at the details that were displayed on the paper, it was like

someone had glued life into that book.

"Actually, there are some lines at the back of it." "A voice said.

"Oh, let's read it then." Astrid straightened her back, snapped out of the train of thoughts she was having.

"Wait, who said that? How do you know there is more in the end?" "Tuffnut asked the figure in the shadow as he swung his shield around blindly.

"Because I wrote it?"

"HICCUP?" "â€ They grasped, their hearts nearly jumped out of their chests.

****My name is Hiccup, Rider and Best Friend of Toothless, the Night Fury and may Thor blesses anything or anyone that has the slightest thought of changing that fact.****

The chief's son quoted his own writing, calmly stared at everyone in their eyes. Toothless was right beside him, his intelligence had allowed him to somewhat understand the situation. The first dragon rider sighed at the others' expression.

"I noticed it's missing and asked Toothless to help me find it. I'm not going to eat you guys, you know that right?"

"Well, he might." â€" Tuffnut pointed at Toothless.

"If that's what he really desires, will you let him do it?" â€" Snotlout challenged, he knew the chief wanted to hear the answer himself.

"You see, it works both ways. I've already read that journal to Toothless countless times and from how he reacts every time, I know well enough that he will never hurt me that way. He's my friend. He knows clearly who you guys are and your roles in my life." "Hiccup explained patiently as Toothless sat on his hind legs to be face to face with his rider. The dragon licked the burns on Hiccup's cheeks tenderly like a mother cleaned her child. Hiccup in return rubbed the Night Fury's scale gratefully.

"We're sorry weâ€¦" â€" Gobber started but his apprentice interrupted him with a shake of his head.

"It's alright I guess. I've been through worse." â€ stated Hiccup simply.

Guilt immediately swallowed them but the young blacksmith was sensitive enough to ease it.

"If it makes you feel better I offer some explanations if you guys haveâ€¦" â€" The little hatchling didn't have a chance to finish his sentence as Toothless wrapped his rider into his massive black wings and held him closely with his front legs. The dragon whacked the hatchling's head lightly and teasingly in order to voice his disagreement toward Hiccup's intentions. The croons and little growls said it all. Hiccup owed them nothing.

"What's going on?" " Stoick asked confusedly.

Toothless threw him a meaningful glare as if he was saying: _Dude, we're having a conversation over here! _The Night Fury's tail covered Hiccup's eyes and rubbed his face tenderly.

"Okay okay you overprotective reptile! I'm going, after Iâ€|"

His mount's protests were immediately voiced by nonstop licking the boy's face with his tongue.

"Guys, I guess I have to go, before he decides that I'm not allowed to walk for the rest of the week." " Hiccup mumbled playfully, with a mock frown on his face. " "Maybe he can answer your questions? Can you, mom?"

The reply was Hiccup's disappearance into peaceful darkness and a joyful howl.

End
file.